DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

THE BEST Photoplay Department in WASHINGTON

Drug Evil Shown in Startling Manner by New Screen Melodrama

Recognition of the photoplay as the medium of putting before the public big facts of life and bringing about the curing of many of the evils that exist has been very slow in coming, but it has been given at last. Reform organizations, the heads of religious orders and the individuals in charge of various phases of the uplift work have at last come to understand that the most striking manner to bring the fact at their command before the people is through the agency of the moving picture screen. It is probable that in the future the principal means of directing attention to the evils of such things as tuberculosis and kindred subjects will be the photoplay, because in the play the people can see acted in a striking way a story that will appeal to them in a way no literature could do. There is something real about the action of a play which the mere telling of the story does not possess.

In the past few months there have been several plays produced that are unusual examples of this class of propaganda work. Of these the most important is probably "The Drug Terror," which is to be produced in this city for the first time tomorrow and Wednesday at Crandall's Theater. It is a well-known fact that the use of narcotics has grown in terrible proportion during the past few years. Where the drug user was once a rarity he is now numerous. People of all classes of society have sought stimulation or exhilaration in drugs that could not be obtained in other ways. The degradation of the drug slave is far greater than that of the drunkard. The person who has cultivated this craving becomes the most miserable and pitiable of human beings.

The powers that are fighting this evil that are making it impossible through State laws to sell drugs of the character as freely as has been the custom in the past, have run into powerful opposition in the men who would continue to trade for their own personal gain. And there has been an apathy among the people of the country toward the drug evil that has not helped the corrective campaigns to success. In order to place before the people in a startling way just what evils result from the use of drugs, therefore, arrangements were made for the production of the picture which is to be shown here tomorrow. The manuscript was prepared as for a regular play, the plot of the piece being written with especial regard for the lesson it sought to teach.

A clerk in a drug establishment is found snuffing cocaine. The establishment makes a great profit from the sales of cocaine—in fact one of its largest sources of income is this traffic, but the proprietor of the establishment, with mock virtue, becomes indignant when he finds one of his own clerks a victim and the clerk is discharged. The picture shows the depths to which the clerk sunk through his slavery to the drug. The daughter of the proprietor of the drug establishment marries a man her father selects for her. He is a user of cocaine. When the girl discovers her husband's habit she is horrified. He loses his money and becomes a pitable spectacle in his craving for his drug. His wife's health breaks down and during her illness her husband feeds her cocaine without her knowledge until she too developes the craving. It is then that the father learns his daughter and son-in-law are victims of the drug. He sends the daughter to a sanitarium where she is given a course of treatment which cures her.

The film shows the interior of the dives where cocaine users congregate and shows how the stuff is sold by the runners for the drug stores. It shows how even children are fed the stuff in candy. Roger, the son-in-law, in his wanderings enters one of the dives and there finds his own sister. She has been led to take the drug. This discovery awakens the last spark of his manhood and he declares he will expose the whole system of sales, etc. He makes good his threat and the police raid one of the dens where the clerk happens to be and the clerk is killed in the raid. Roger goes to his father-in-law to demand money and in a struggle with him a lamp on the table is overturned, the house is set afire and the two men perish in the flames.

The film story is a tale of horror. As a photoplay pure and simple, it would be placed under the head of the most lurid melodrames. But it is not a photoplay pure and simple. It is horrible intentionally, because it was the desire of the authors to emphasize the lesson it teaches. The film is well acted, the services of the Lubin Company being utilized for its production, and it has been indorsed by the ministers, the newspaper editors, and the woman's clubs of every section of the country. In other cities it has been shown as a big feature film at special prices. Here it will form part of the regular program. It is well worth seeing.

G. M

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN,

In a Scene From "One Wonderful Night," the Picture Play For Which He Was Chosen to Play the Hero By Popular Vote, To Be Produced Here Shortly.

Behind the Screen

Allen Dean is staging the Famous Players' production of "Wild Flowers," with Mary Germaine. Maruerite Clark is to be featured in this picture, supported by Harold Lockwood.

Harry Pallard, of the Beauty Company, is producing "A Midsummer's Ivy Tangle," in which both Margarita Kathie Fischer are seen, and little Alice says, "I am the leading lady in the pitcher."

Before a crowd of 50,000, and in a mile-long parade of automobiles passing before five judges, pretty Margaret Gibson, of the Western Vitagraph Company, won first place in the annual "Bathing girls' automobile parade held at Ocean Park, California. In capturing first prize, Miss Gibson received a check for $50, and in addition, a shining gold and silver loving cup.

Ethel Clayton is playing opposite William Elliot in the Lubin Company's production of Winchell Smith's "The Fortune Hunters." The picture is being staged by Harry O'Neill and will be produced in five reels. The cast includes Joseph Kaufman, George Soule Spencer, Charles Brandt, Gaston Bell, Jean Quinn, Rosetta Brice, Mrs. George Walters, Ruth Bryan, and Ferdinand Tidmarsh.

Not satisfied with blowing up a couple of trains and automobiles, the Vitagraph company is now preparing to blow a recently purchased private yacht to bits by a giant torpedo fired from a torpedo boat.

Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph Company, was given a birthday party at her home in East Orange, N. J., on Tuesday, June 30. Thirty of her friends took the house by storm, giving a complete surprise. Miss Tapley was the recipient of many presents.

Kenneth D. Harlan, who accompanied Harry Schenck, Charlie Pin, and Vinnie Burns into the heart of Mexico, playing the part of a cub reporter, has made arrangements with Madame Alice Blache whereby he will be seen in coming Solax releases. Dan Baker is another player recently added to the Solax forces.

Among the players who will be seen in support of Ethel Barrymore in her picture debut with the All-Star Company are Charles Stevenson, George Andrews, William Courtleigh, jr., and Conway Tearle.

William Fables, who is to take the part of the goat in the forthcoming Edison split-reel, Buster Brown comedies, has had twenty-two years' experience at playing stage animals. He has been a bear in the "Alaskans" and a parrot in "Humpty-Dumpty."

Pearl White, star of the "Perils of Pauline," is spending July with her mother at Gulfport, Miss.

The film version of "Il Trovatore" in six reels will be ready for showing around August 1.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright has made arrangemnts to have his plays produced in movies in this country. Daniel Frohman, who at one time controlled the rights to the plays, has made arrangemtns to produce them in pictures for the Famous Players.

Down in Bermuda, the Victory Company has been working on a number of feature films. The director in each is James Gordon.

"Foul Play" is a feature play which the American Pathe Company is busily engaged in producing at present. The players recently went to Bermuda and back for some "exteriors." In this company are William Riley Hatch, Sheldon Lewis, Eleanor Woodruff and Virginia Pearson, with Director Verbout in charge.

Nellie Bell, who recently resigned from the Frontier, is now the bride of Carl Widen, a Kalem photographer.

Mai Wells has been engaged by the Sterling.

Since the first of the year four weddings have occurred within the ranks of the Frontier at Paula, Cal.

WHAT THEY'RE SHOWING IN WASHINGTON.

TODAY.

"A Born Warrior," Parkway, Twenty-second and P streets.

Mutual Program, Central Park, Ninth near G street.

Francis X. Bushman in "His Stolen Fortune," Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.

Mary Pickford in "Beasts At Bay," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette Square.

TOMORROW.

"The Million Dollar Mystery," fourth installment, Olympic Park, Fourteenth and V streets.

"The Drug Terror," Crandall's, Ninth and E streets.

"The Lion's Bride," the Parkway, Twenty-second and P streets.

Mutual Program, Central Park, Ninth near G streets.

"The Creation," the Belasco, Lafayette Square.

Question Box

Mrs. Henry C. Tenell—The recipes which you request are given here: Orange marmalade. Slice two dozen unpeeled oranges, remove the seeds. Mix with them two lemons. These as well as the oranges must be shredded very thin. Measure the juice and add enough water to make three quarts of liquid. Put all in a stone crock, cover, and set in a cool place all night. Turn into a preserving kettle and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer until the peel is very tender. Now stir in a pound of sugar for every pint of juice and boil until the skin is clear in appearance. Remove from the fire, and when cool turn into jelly glasses.

Grape fruit marmalade. Prepare exactly as for orange marmalade, using grape fruit instead of oranges, a dozen and a half or twenty instead of two dozen unless the fruit are very small.

Lemon marmalade. Weigh the lemons and to every pound allow a pound and a quarter sugar. Grate the rind from half of the lemons and peel the others. Chop the fruit, removing the seeds as you do so. Press all the juice that you can upon the sugar, add a little water to this and put it over the fire. Stir the sugar until it is dissolved, then boil for five minutes, skimming off the scum. Stir in the chopped fruit and grated rind and boil for half an hour. Put up in jelly glasses.

Mint jelly—The most acceptable mint jelly is simply apple jelly flavored with mint. To make apple jelly, quarter without peeling tart, juicy apples, dropping them into cold water. Put the fruit with a little water—enough to keep from burning—into a kettle and simmer gently until the juice flows freely. Boil slowly until the apples are tender and broken. Turn a little at a time into a flannel jelly bag and allow the juice to strain through. If the bag is squeezed the jelly will be cloudy. Measure the juice and to each pint allow a pound of sugar, heated in the oven. Boil the juice over the fire for twenty minutes, skim it, add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Boil for a few minutes and remove from the fire. Add flavoring made of fresh mint sprigs, scalded, crushed and strained, and pour into jelly glasses to cool.

An Ardent Reader—The Times does not know the address of the person for whom you are hunting.

Charlotte Burton Was Famous Child Actress

Charlotte Burton, the popular star of the American Film Company, had a varied career in "legit" before becoming affiliated with the silent drama. She made her debut at the age of eight, playing a principal role in the "Brownies in Fairyland," going on the road with the company managed by Samuel Hollander.

After playing several child roles, she retired, and went to the public school in San Francisco until almost sixteen, when she played small parts with Maxine O'Neill at the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco before the fire. Later she went into stock at the Macdonough Theater in Oakland with the Nordant-Humphrey Company, playing ingenue roles; and later played Seattle with same company, after which she led a company on the road for two seasons in Western and middle Western cities, ending the season in Chicago, from whence she went directly to Santa Barbara, joining the American company in 1912.

More Pickford Films.

The picture makers seem bound to feast the popularity of Mary Pickford, if not enlarge it, while at the same time reaping some profits for themselves. Monday the Biograph dug up fifty-four Pickford reels of the days when May played for the Bio. They will be released one daily until used up.

The Imp also found some former Pickford reels they had on hand, and besides the Famous Players is featuring Miss Pickford on long-reeled films.

Entire Company Thrown Out of Work by Eclair

Over a score of players were affected last week by the decision of the Eclair Company to discontinue their Eastern producing company and rely solely on the Western company for American-made pictures. The action came as a surprise, both to film men in general and to the players at the Fort Lee studio. Among the players affected are Barbara Tennant, Oscar Lund, Alec Francis, Bert Starkey, and Stanley Walpole. Clara Horton, formerly of the Eastern company, has been transferred to the Tucson, Ariz., aggregation, under the direction of Webster Cullison.

All of the Eclair players were immediately placed under contract by the Peerless Feature Film Company, which is working at Fort Lee, and producing prominent Brady and Blaney plays.

Nixon to Write Plays.

Charles E. Nixon, whose resignation from the position of general advertising manager of the Selig Polyscope Company was recently announced, will in the future devote his time entirely to the writing of scenarios, an occupation in which he has already proven himself worthy.

Selig's "Coming of Columbus," one of the greatest historical films made in America, was conceived by Mr. Nixon. Among other films to which he acknowledges authorship are: "Pauline Cushman," "The Eye of Conscience," "Belle Boyd," "When Wilderness Was King," "The Witch of the Everglades," "The Seminole's Sacrifice," "Red Jacket," and many others too numerous to mention.

What Is Inefficiency?

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

WE have talked so much about efficiency that it might be well to stop a moment and consider what is the meaning of its opposite, inefficiency. I believe that the best and simplest one-word definition of efficiency is conservation. Likewise, I sum up inefficiency in the simple word, waste.

Yes, inefficiency means waste, either in a process of work, the materials with which the work is done, or with the worker. The great problem of efficiency, therefore, is to reduce or eliminate the amount of waste in any of these three lines. It is unfortunate if there is a waste in materials; it is also to be regretted if there are wasteful methods, but it is still worse if there is wasted effort in the individual worker. Waste in individual effort is what I am most concerned about, especially in regard to the work of the homemaker. If there is waste, for instance, in the food used in the home, or if there is waste in the method which she uses at work, I regret it, but I am most sorry when she herself wastes her own effort so that she herself is deprived of necessary energy.

In fact, all our efforts are finally aimed to benefit the human worker. If I tell a woman to raise her sink, or if I show her how to market economically, I am doing so only that her personal effort shall be diminished. Some women write me that they feel that this efficiency idea would be an added burden on top of their present work, that it would be harder to impose new schedules and new plans than to go on with what they are now doing.

I tell these women they do not understand what real efficiency means. It does not in any way mean added effort. It means simply elimination, or cutting down of present faults. For instance, the other day a woman said to me, "If this efficiency idea of yours means a lot of expensive utensils, I'm not going to have anything to do with it." Or, another writes: "You don't mean what I should add a complicated system of work to my present duties." On the contrary, I mean that both these women and others should merely sit down and study how, at present, there may be waste in their management. They do not need to add a cumbersome system, or a dozen pots in order to be efficient. They need only see how they work now, see what amount of materials they use now, notice what waste motion or effort there is at present in various tasks or routines, and then merely eliminate some of this unnecessary work, this waste motion, and this superfluous effort.

If a woman once gets firmly fixed in her mind that efficiency means the elimination of waste, she has the key to this whole, new stimulating idea. It may be a waste in her food supplies, in the fuel she is using, a waste of time between various tasks, a waste of effort walking twenty feet unnecessarily. Then if she cuts down this waste in whatever department she finds it, in whatever task or routine she is in at the time, she will become efficient.

And the result will be not only saved materials and time, but the great final saving effected by all efficiency-saving human effort.

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Hints for Housewives

By ANN MARIE LLOYD.

DURING a recent domestic science lecture on the making of jelly, the lecturer advised her hearers to be sure that their sugar was "cane" rather than beet sugar. There is a firm that puts up these "cane" products in boxes so one may be sure of the cleanliness of the sugar and of it originating from the sugar cane.

At this season of the year hot water bottles will not be in use, so they should be inflated with air and screwed up tightly, in order that the sides do not adhere to each other. The rubber will last much longer if this is done when the bottle is put away.

When boiling green peas add a lettuce leaf and a tablespoonful of sugar and they will retain their color and have a much better flavor.

A saucepan in which milk has been boiled is often a trouble to clean. Here is a simple but most successful method: After pouring out the boiling milk, quickly replace the lid before the steam has time to escape, and allow the saucepan to cool before taking it off again. Then put the pan in cold water to soak. It can be cleaned quickly and easily.

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

©FREES

POLY TRIES TO LEARN TO DANCE.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

THIS is a story about a puppy boy who thought too much of himself. Ever since Poly, the puppy boy, had rescued the little pups from the burning building he was the most popular person in Tabbyland. He was invited out to supper every night in the week, and all of the kitty girls and puppy girls were tickled to death if he payed any attention to them. Fannie Hicks, the puppy girl of whom he thought the most, had been angry with him because she thought that he had given her some ugly handkerchiefs to be unkind. But she made up with him after the fire, and he explained that it had not been his fault.

Of course the other boys in Tabbyland began to feel jealous after a while. "Poly thinks that he owns the earth," wailed Toby Hicks one night. "He makes me run all of his errands when he comes to see Fannie, and he—" "He acts like a silly over all of the girls" put in Binkie Tabby. Tommy said nothing, but he wrinkled his little black nose and twitched his whiskers, and hitched up his trousers just as if he were getting ready to give some one a licking.

The three were sitting out at the end of the yard in the Tabby lot, on the outside, up against the fence, watching the passing animals, and wishing for something to do.

Tom stretched himself and sighed. "I like Poly first rate," he said, as he rolled over on his stomach, "but I think that he has worked his bravery to death. He thinks too much of himself—that's what he does. I wish that he would not be so shut-mouthed about what he does."

"Why?" asked Binkie.

"Well," Tom replied, "if we only knew what he was doing this evening, say, we could help him perhaps—"

"Or hinder him," grinned Toby Hicks.

"But the funny part is," continued Tommy, "that if we just let him alone he will come to grief by himself. He has run around too high in the air to not get a fall. We wouldn't need to do anything to him. But I would like to see him lose his dignity."

Giggles and purrs and growls greeted this statement, and Tom added, "I wonder where he is tonight?"

"I know that," growled Toby Hicks, "for I saw him take my sister, Fannie, over to your grandmother's. Miss Flax is going to play the accordion, and they are going to learn to dance."

Tommy rose up on his elbows and shook his paw in the face of big Toby. "You gump," he laughed; "why didn't you tell us sooner. He'll make a jack of himself tonight for sure, and all that we need to do cure him is to let him know that we have seen him!"

They rolled and hugged one another and laughed, then jumped up and sped down the road. One by one they crept up to the window at Granny Tabby's house. Slowly—slowly Tommy peeked and Binkie peeped, and Toby peeked—and they saw just what you see in the picture.

Fannie Hicks looking very scared and solemn, was on Poly's arm, and on the floor sat Miss Flax with the accordion. The three heads ducked down and three paws were stuffed into three mouths of different sizes to keep out the giggles. Finally they were straightened out and pulled themselves up to watch carefully. But it was not long that they waited.

"Now, then," called Miss Flax, "one, two; one, two, three; one, two; one, two, three, start——" and Poly started. Fannie Hicks held on; they went for two steps—then they began to get tangled up. Poly's foot flew one way, he grabbed Fannie, she grabbed him, and—arms and legs mixed—they banged down on the floor together. The three people in the window stuck their heads inside and cheered, "Go it Poly!" "Shame to hang on to a girl!" yelled the naughty Toby Hicks.

Though frightened by the fall Fannie had sense enough left to turn and see the grinning puppy and kitty boys in the window. Poly raised his head cautiously from the floor and stared with his mouth open—but just then Fannie Hicks recovered.

"You did this on purpose to make fun of me," she screamed, slapped poor Poly in the face, and, picking herself up flounced out of the house. "I'll never speak to you again," she added as she left. Poly was ashamed and mortified—"I thought I could do it—" he mumbled as he picked himself up. "It looked so easy—" he started for the window remembering the three faces that had witnessed his defeat. But when he got there the place was empty, and all he got was a long lecture from Granny Tabby on being too conceited!

His reign was over.

(Copyright, 1914, Florence E. Yoder.)

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of $10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

"TO TELL THE TRUTH, PETER, I DO NOTHING BUT WRITE NOTES."

"ACKNOWLEDGMENT NOTES."

XIII.

I THINK Mary and I may at last begin to think of settling down. Now that our honeymoon is at an end, I am looking forward to our life together, shorn of the excitement of wedding, honeymoon, and furniture buying. It is this excitement, I know, that has kept Mary so overstrung and petulant.

My furnitude has arrived. My pretty little home—it is at the end of a lane of pine trees, just outside of the town where mother and dad and Mary's people live—has been scrubbed from cellar to attic by Norah Geraghty. Each night I go home whistling, pretty sure that I will find things arranged at last in the proper room and looking like a real home. Each night I am a little disappointed.

I know Mary is busy. She is moving all her clothes and wedding presents from her mother's home. But somehow I can't for the life of me see why all the furniture must stay huddled up in burlap and lumped about grotesquely in great heaps. I took the bull by the horns today.

"Nearly through moving clothes and things, Mary?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mary, "I finished that, Peter, day before yesterday."

"Well," I nearly said, "What in the world have you been doing then?" But I didn't.

Never ask a woman in a puzzled tone, what she has been doing. You'll find yourself in a heap of difficulties. She'll instantly grow grieved and magnify each task of her day in to a bugbear until you wonder why all the work of the universe was heaped so indiscriminately upon the shoulders of one frail little woman. I, who by the way, had been the very frankest of young fellows, was growing mighty discreet in even these—the first—few months of my married life.

I asked Mary why she looked so tired.

"To tell the truth, Peter," sighed Mary, "I—I do nothing at all but write notes."

"Notes!" said I aghast. "What sort of notes?"

"Just little notes thanking people for the wedding presents."

"And it keeps you so busy that you haven't time for anything else?"

"There were nearly 500 of them," confessed Mary, guiltily, "and I'm not half through yet."

Who started this infernal cat and mouse custom of wedding presents and notes? Now that I know what keeps Mary so busy and flushed and tired I have watched her closely. Every spare minute she has she flies to her desk and writes a note. The furniture stays burlapped—and Mary writes notes. The dinner has burned more times than I care to count because Mary was writing notes. She's tired out and nervous and I am so conscious of a sense of impatience with it all that at times it is very difficult for me not to scold.

Yet Mary insists that she would be in the heart of a scandal if she doesn't write and write and write these foolish notes. I'd call the givers up by telephone. Silver and cut glass are piled high in the parlor and the hall. We eat in the kitchen, but still Mary writes notes. And when she isn't writing notes she's entertaining callers, intimate friends who'd like to see the house "just as it is, my dear!"

More and more do I dislike the fol-de-rol revolving about a fashionable wedding. My daughter shall elope. Mary is the center of a whirlpool of custom and convention that is keeping her away from the ordering of her home. We cannot afford a maid, but Mary knew that before we were married. There is an accumulation of three days' dishes in the kitchen. I mentioned that diffidently tonight, Mary burst into tears.

"Peter," she said forlornly, "you—you know very well before you married me that I don't know very much about housekeeping. I told you so. I'll get straightened out in time."

"I don't think I ever realized so vividly before just what this means. I'm going to hire Norah Geraghty in the morning to wash the dishes and unburlap the furniture while Mary writes notes."

EARLY BREAKFASTS.

XIV.

THE alarm clock clanged forlornly through the early dawn. I stirred and sat up. My wife had already gone downstairs.

What different atmospheres one finds in houses in the early morning. Early morning in my mother's home was always cheerful. A smell of wood through the house as the old-fashioned wood fire was kindled and bustling noises in the kitchen and the sound of a woman humming! Here, in my little cottage, it was—well—different.

There was no smell of kindling wood, of course—for Mary prepares the breakfast by means of a gas stove, and there are no bustling noises, for Mary isn't accustomed yet to the tasks of the housewife, and besides she is not the bustling type. Nor can I imagine Mary humming before breakfast, for she hates to get up.

I hurriedly dressed and went downstairs.

Mary was in the kitchen boiling eggs, our invariable breakfast since our marriage. I'm a little tired of them, but morning, I fully realize, is a difficult time for the housekeeper, and besides, Mary doesn't yet know how to prepare much else.

She smiled as I entered and yawned. I'm happy to say Mary can yawn prettily. Most women can't.

"Isn't it dreadful, Peter," she said, "to have to get up so early. At home I always had my breakfast in bed."

Already I am in the hackneyed position of the man who must listen patiently to those more prosperous days of his wife before she sacrificed herself in marriage.

I glanced askance at Mary and looked away. Morning by morning, I regret to say, Mary was growing a little more careless about her attire. In her trousseau she had had a profusion of gauzy, fluffy pink things covered with lace and ribbon and about as sensible for a prospective housekeeper as white gloves would be for me for street wear. Women, I think, delight in owning wholly beautiful, and, incidently, wholly useless things.

I remember our first morning in our little home. Mary had come dantily downstairs in silky things of ravishing beauty and, for all, I admired it exceedingly, I did wonder how in the world she expected to trail about a kitchen floor in it. She did and now the result is woefully apparent. Mary's finery is all bedraggled and dirty, but she wears it still.

This morning she was wearing down-at-heel slippers that clattered noisily up and down as she walked and she had not combed her hair. Now, it is hard to arise at seven when you have been accustomed to wake at nine and breakfast luxuriously in bed—but surely Mary can discipline herself, for the sake of our love, to this ruggeder form of life.

I thought of mother's trim brown dresses set off with white collar and cuffs. I do not think that I have ever in my life seen mother slovenly, but then mother was not a hothouse flower, nor was she spoiled, as I fear Mary was, by a doting mother.

"Mary," I ventured, gently, "why wear those fussy things in the early morning? Wouldn't you like a brown linen gown with neat white cuffs and a collar—like—like—mother?"

"Peter!" exclaimed Mary, petulantly. "How horrid of you! When I don't have a minute to dress in the morning. I just slip into this and hurry downstairs, and—and it's so bleak and gray, and I hate the kitchen with all the dishes lying around from the night before."

I did not suggest that the aftermath of dishes in the morning was easily obviated the night before. I merely kissed Mary and helped her to get breakfast.

"Suppose," I said at breakfast; "suppose I set the clock for a little earlier, dear. Then you'll have loads of time."

Mary bit her lips and looked hurt, and I sighed.

Is a woman born with the same sense of personal neatness as a man? A cynic tells me that the kimono has wrecked many a home.

(Continued Tomorrow.)